my voice was loud enough to be heard from an even greater distance, I could quite feel that he did not hear what I said, as my voice seemed to pass through without meeting with any resistance or response, just in the same way as light may be seen passing through transparent substances such as air and so forth without exciting any visual sensation, though its presence might be felt by the help of other senses. Those of my readers who have climbed hill-tops sufficiently high will have noticed that the atmosphere at that altitude appears so thin, that it becomes quite an insufficient medium for purposes of carrying sound even through comparatively short distances, so that if some one wanted to say something to a friend of his, standing at some distance from him, it would be found that he could not make himself heard very easily. My experience also appeared to be the very same with regard to my masker friend. The material constituents of his body seemed to have been derived from some such finer aggregation of matter as could

not well respond to our gross physical impetus. Whatever the explanation, I ceased to ask him any more questions and turned my attention to *the*